

ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING



*Hotel
California*

Hotel California

*On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of calitas rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for the night*

*There she stood in the doorway;
I heard the mission bell
And I was thinking to myself,
'This could be Heaven or this could be Hell'
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor,
I thought I heard them say...*

*Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely face)
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year, you can find it here*

*Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends
She got a lot pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat,
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget*

*So I called up the Captain,
Please bring me my wine'
He said, 'We haven't had that spirit
here since nineteen sixty nine'
And still those voices are calling from far away,
Wake you up in the middle of the night
Just to hear them say...*

*Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely face)
They livin' it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise, bring your alibis*

*Mirrors on the ceiling,
The pink champagne on ice
And she said 'We are all just prisoners here,
of our own device'
And in the master's chambers,
They gathered for the feast
They stab it with their steely knives,
But they just can't kill the beast*

*Last thing I remember, I was
Running for the door
I had to find the passage back
To the place I was before
'Relax,' said the night man,
We are programmed to receive.
You can check out any time you like,
but you can never leave.'*

Hotel California

PRODUCED BY

BILL SEYMOUR FOR PANDORA PRODUCTIONS LTD. Engineered by Bill Seymour, Allen Blazek, Ed Marshal & Bruce Hunsal.
Recorded at Criteria Studios, Miami & the Record Plant, Los Angeles, March - October 1976 • Mixed by Bill Seymour in Miami.

Strings arranged & conducted by Jim Ed Norman. Concert Master Sid Sharp. Cover photography by David Alexander.
Graphics by Keith Potter by Norman Seiff. Art direction: Don Henley & Keith.

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THE EAGLES ARE

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

NEW KID IN TOWN

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

WASTED TIME

DON HENLEY: vocals, drums, percussion

GLENN FREY: vocals, guitar, keyboards

DON FELDER: vocals, guitar, slide guitar

JOE WALSH: vocals, guitar, keyboards

RANDY MEISNER: vocals, bass, guitarone

Written by Don Felder/Don Henley/Glenn Frey

Lead vocal: Don Henley

Guitar solos: Don Felder & Joe Walsh

Percussion: Don Henley

Written by John David Souther/Don Henley/Glenn Frey

Lead vocal: Glenn Frey

Guitarone: Randy Meisner

Electric guitars: Don Felder

Electric piano & organ: Joe Walsh

Written by Joe Walsh/Don Henley/Glenn Frey

Lead vocal: Don Henley

Lead guitar: Joe Walsh

Clavinet: Glenn Frey

Written by Don Henley & Glenn Frey

Lead vocal: Don Henley

Piano: Glenn Frey

Organ: Joe Walsh

Guitar: Don Felder

WASTED TIME (REPRISE)

VICTIM OF LOVE

PRETTY MAIDS ALL
IN A ROW

TRY AND LOVE AGAIN

THE LAST RESORT

*Written by Don Henley Glenn Frey Jim Ed Norman
Strings arranged & conducted by Jim Ed Norman*

*Written by Don Felder John David Souther/
Don Henley Glenn Frey
Lead vocals: Don Henley
Slide guitar: Joe Walsh
Lead guitar: Don Felder*

*Written by Joe Walsh & Joe Vitale
Lead vocals: Joe Walsh
Piano: Joe Walsh
Synthesizer: Joe Walsh & Glenn Frey*

*Written by Randy Meisner
Lead vocal: Randy Meisner
Lead guitar: Glenn Frey
Gretsch guitar: Joe Walsh*

*Written by Don Henley & Glenn Frey
Lead vocal: Don Henley
Synthesizer: Joe Walsh & Don Henley
Pedal steel guitar: Don Felder*



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Warm smell of oilies rising up through the air
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They live it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise, bring your alibis*

*Manners on the wall,
The pink champagne on ice
And she said 'We are all just prisoners here,
of our own device'
And in the master's chambers,
They gathered for the feast
They stuck it with their sticky fingers,
But they just can't tell the least*

*Last thing I remember, I was
Running for the door
I had to find the passage back
To the place I was before
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You can check out any time you like,
but you can never leave'*

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